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UA99/6/2 BUWKY November

Bowling Green Business University

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NOV.

BUWKY

1942

WESTERN KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY
ARCHIVES



Vol. VIII

No. III



"TIN FISH"—that means torpedo in submarine language. The phrase, "the smoking lamp is lit" means Camels are in order—for with men in the Navy, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (See below.)

You want STEADY NERVES to launch a "tin fish" or make one!

HIDE-AND-SEEK. A deadly game of it with the T. N. T. of depth charge and torpedo. That's a game only for steady nerves!

But what isn't these days—with all of us fighting, working, living at the highest tempo in years. Smoking, too—perhaps even more than you used to.

If Camels are not your present brand, try them. Not just because they're the favorite in the service or at home—but for the sake of your own smoking enjoyment, try Camels. Put them to the "T-Zone" test described below and make your own comparisons.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



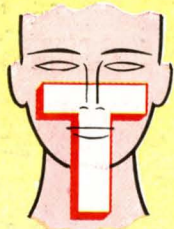
FOR
**STEADY
PLEASURE**
CAMELS SUIT
ME TO A 'T'

FIRST IN THE SERVICE—

In the Navy—in the Army—in the Marine Corps—in the Coast Guard—the favorite cigarette is Camel.

(Based on actual sales records in Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, Sales Commissaries, Post Exchanges, and Canteens.)

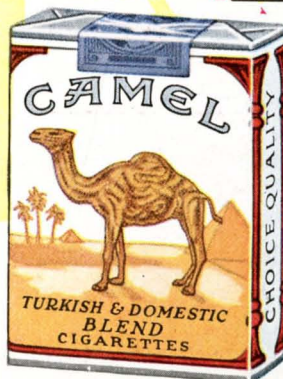
—THE CIGARETTE OF
COSTLIER TOBACCOS



The "**T** Zone"
where cigarettes
are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

CAMELS WIN WITH
ME ON EVERY
COUNT. THEY'RE EASY
ON MY **T**HOAT AND
THEY DON'T TIRE MY
TASTE



GYROSCOPE GIRL—Pretty Rosemary Gregory (above) calibrates automatic directional devices at a Sperry Gyroscope Co. plant, and she's just as partial to Camels as the fighting men who depend on her precision. She says: "Camels suit me better all ways. For my taste and my throat, Camels are tops with a capital 'T'!"

Camel



Johnny Gouvas, local restaurant proprietor and war analyst, gives us the following story, which may well be the best of the month: It seems that the late Representative Zioncheck, from the State of Washington, during his famous rounds of a few years ago visited Johnny at his place of business. Mr. Zioncheck ordered catfish and since the restaurant wasn't just then stocked with catfish Johnny was guilty of giving him a substitute. After a few moments of dining Mr. Zioncheck called Johnny over to his table. "Are you sure this is catfish?" he asked. "Why certainly it's catfish," was the reply. "Well it doesn't taste like catfish," claimed the Rep. The local pride smiled and answered, "That's the sport model catfish," and the gentleman from Washington went on eating. After a while Mr. Zioncheck got up and paid his bill and was on his way. When Johnny cleared his table he found the Representative's card under his plate which informed him for the first time who the customer had been. Under the card was a penny and on the back of the card was this inscription: "This is a sport model dime."

—(Less than 10% is suicide. More is Hari-kiri)—

Things weren't so different twenty-five years ago from what they are now. Then, just as now, they had a pretty good war to chew the fat over and the thoughts they thought then must have been closely akin to those that occupy our minds today. This repeating of history accounts for the familiar ring of the following poem which was published in 1917

NOBODY KNOWS

Absolute knowledge I have none
But my aunt's washerwoman's sisters son,
Heard a policeman on his beat,
Say to a laborer on the street,
That he had a letter just last week,
Written in the finest Greek,

From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo,
Who said the niggers in Cuba knew
Of a colored man in a Texas town,
Who got it straight from a circus clown
That a man in the Klondike heard the news,
From a gang of South American Jews
About somebody in Borneo,
Who heard a man who claimed to know
Of a swell female society rake,
Whose mother-in-law will undertake
To prove that her sister's husband's niece
Has stated in a printed piece
That she had a son who has a friend

BUWKY

Vol. 8, No. 3

Whole No. LXVI



FIELD McCHESNEY

Editor

TOM UHL

Business Mgr.

The Buwky is published each month (ten times) during the college year except July and August, in the interest of the students of the Bowling Green (B)usiness (U)niversity and (W)estern (K)entuck(y) State Teachers College, Bowling Green, Kentucky. Editorial and advertising offices, 1023 College Street, Bowling Green, Kentucky. All business communications and manuscripts, drawings, items, etc., should be sent to this address.

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Who knows when the war is going to end.

(Berlin—A Site For Sore Bomb Sights)—

A freshman on the Hill was asked in a friendly sort of way by an upper classman how he found the women at the school dances. "Oh, I just go to the end of the gym marked 'Women' and walk down the steps and there they are," was his reply.

(—U. O. The U. S. O.)—

Dr. J. Reid Sterrett and his Western College Players gave a very commendable performance, or rather three of them, at Van Meter Auditorium last Tuesday night. This evening of one act plays, the sixteenth public performance of the Players under Dr. Sterrett, was a departure from the regular procedure, which has been to give one three-act play, and the audience enjoyed the innovation. The plays presented were, "Mansions," by Hildegard Flanner; "Duetto," by Katherine Burgess; and "The Betrayal," by Padraic Colum. All profits of the evening were turned over to the local chapter of the U. S. O.

—(Want To Re-Tire? Win the War!)—

BUWKY received through the mail last week a copy of the DODO, student magazine of the University of Colorado. Malcolm Crawford, student at Western a year or so ago, is the business manager of this publication and apparently is doing a good job for it was a mighty neat issue that came this way.

—(Bottoms Up to the Jap Fleet)—

It is hoped that by now all the students in Bowling Green are doing something definite toward winning the war whether they are donating their time to actual military training or the fillings out of their teeth to the scrap drive. Here are a few of the contributions made at institutions elsewhere . . . At Colgate students are doing farm work after classes . . . Furman University postponed the building of a new memorial library until after the war and invested the \$75,000 fund in War Bonds . . . About fifty per cent of Antioch's students are working di-

(Continued on Page Three)

BRAINS AID BRAWN; TOPPERS TIE TECH

Hilltopper homecomers were treated to a double feature at the T. P. I. game when the Western debating team came through in the last two minutes of play to enable the football team to hold their opponents to a tie score. It was one of the most sensational plays of the entire grid season and also marked the closest cooperation shown by any two departments on the Hill since Dr. Willey's Education 235 class helped put out the fire at the Cedar House was back in 1938.

In case you've forgotten the incident or it was alcoholically imprinted on your memory, here are the facts. It seems that Lou Cullen and Harding Shelby had rolled over the Tech team like a couple of General Grant tanks to score in the second quarter but that the Tech boys had retaliated and tied the score in the third period and were fast making a track meet out of it when their attack bogged down within the shadow of the Topper goal on the two yard line. This, with a scant two minutes of playing time remaining. Here the Eagles decided to kick a field goal but the Western team, heard the stands yell, "Block that kick," and knowing that the Faculty and Board of Regents were among them, poured through the T. P. I. defense like W. A. A. C.'s at a bargain counter and deflected the ball almost before it had left the ground. Well, this foolish oblong football bounced along crazily like a sailor with shore leave until it finally came to rest again where it had started, on Western's two yard line, with a Tech man covering it. And here's where the fireworks began.

One of the officials, who registered Republican for the last election anyway, said that the Tennesseans should have the ball where it rested, while another of the pole-cat shirted gentlemen contended that since it was our Homecoming we should be given the ball on our own twenty. Still another ruled jump ball while the fourth official was a silent partner (Mute U.; '23) had no comments.

Then the debate started. First thing off the bat one of the West-

ern players moved absence of a quorum and called all the boys from the bench in and the T. P. I. team did likewise. Everybody on the field then started arguing and Western's cheering section finally finding out what noise sounded like, promised the cheer leaders to do better next year. The affair boiled down at last to a heated confab between the first official and the second official with blue and green sparks marking plainly each profane explosion of either party. The second official started to take the ball out to Western's twenty yard line but the first official nailed him neatly on the ten with a flying tackle (illegal and calling for a fifteen yard penalty). The second official got ruffled and made derogatory re-



"Yes, I was your seventh grade teacher! Hm! Still writing notes. eh?"

marks about the first official's immediate ancestry on the female side and all the boys in football uniforms, not wishing to enter a battle of brains unarmed, sat down in the end zone and smoked cigarettes. The Faculty Wives had just gotten around to serving them tea and they were about to get a priority rating on a keg of nails to open up when somebody thought of getting a rule book for its opinion on the situation. Well, rule books were as scarce as Eskimo pies in the Libyan desert for it seems that (of all things) every

football player on the field had committed the unpardonable error of leaving his at home.

It seemed that the only thing to do was to get one somewhere, somehow, and the Pershing Rifles, who can always be counted on to come through in such emergencies, volunteered to handle this part of the proceedings and with a couple of "in cadence counts" and three choruses from their theme song were off on their dangerous mission. To entertain the crowd during the unexpected lull the band gave out with "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" and the Dean gave a preview of the next week's chapel announcements.

All this time Charlie Ruter, Western's hot-dog king, had been hard at work peddling his wares throughout the stadium and before play had resumed he had sold enough to pay off the mortgage on the Village and relieve a long felt want by buying a bird bath for the balcony of the gym. He soon ran completely out of hot-dogs and this was responsible for his now famous remark, "I never sausage a game."

After some intense waiting the rule book was brought back and the throng waited with baited breath (cheese is fashionable as breath bait this year but earthworms and minnows are by no means out) for the officials to read the decision. The Congress Debating Club was seated in an august group along the goal line waiting for a chance to help their brethren of the gridiron should the need arise and the crowd was so quiet that you could hear the notes at the Foundation Office drawing interest.

The official in charge painstakingly pored over several volumes including "The Women's Field Hockey Guide" and "Robert's Rules of Order," which had been brought to him and the ladies and gentlemen in evening clothes were filing into the stadium and Aubrey was tuning up his flashlight when finally in stentorian tones he announced that due to the illiteracy of those in charge no decision could, as yet, be made and would the crowd please bear with him.

Well, things by this time had gone far enough so Coach Winkenhofer called his boys, who by now were feeling as unused as the

Kentucky Building, over to the side and said that if something wasn't decided before long the only thing to do would be to toss the referee for it. Coach Putty Overall of T. P. I. concurred in this opinion and the whistle-blower, in fear of being manhandled, was shaking like an apple-polishers hand at a faculty reception when one of the good Senators from the Congress Club got up and moved "the previous question." Now this was no mean feat (that derved thing had been in the way all afternoon, anyway) as it opened the way for the tabling of the touchdown that T. P. I. had intentions of making and made it possible for everyone to get to the dance on time. So Bunny Porter, Hilltopper manager, was rushed out on the field with the newly legalized voting machines and the officials overwhelmingly voted their confidence in Western's administration of the ball on their own twenty yard line. The game ended undecisively a minute later and one of the Tech men was heard to mutter something about "politics being the damndest in Kentucky," and the crowd groped its way out of the stadium as the curfew rang for the dorm girls and the night shift at the underwear factory went to work.

—BUWKY—

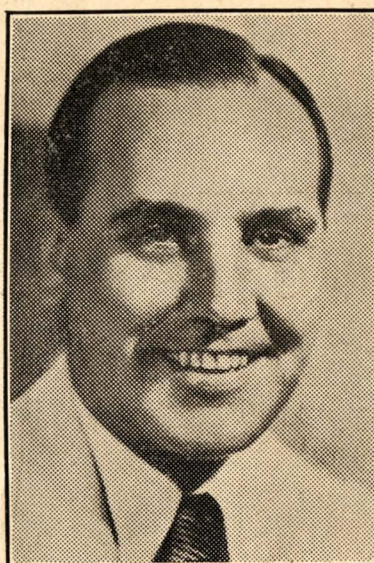
MOUSE TRACKS

(Continued from Page One)

rectly in war jobs while eighty per cent are in work broadly defined as essential to the war Marquette students are taking a special sabotage and bombardment protection course Idaho's military department has instituted a course in mess management for its advanced military students . . . Students at the College of the City of New York have sold over \$475,000 worth of War Bonds and Stamps and all freshmen are required to take a civilian protection course . . . Texas A. & M. has eleven generals serving in this war Princeton has organized a platoon of Commandos in conjunction with its regular R. O. T. C. program WE, the local students have voluntarily rearranged our holiday schedule to coincide with the dates which the War Department prefers.

Francis Craig Selected To Play Pi Tau Nu Dance

The Pi Tau Nu Fraternity of the Business University has announced that Francis Craig and his famous orchestra has been selected to play for their annual



FRANCIS CRAIG

dance, which is to be held at the Armory on Friday night, December 4, from 10 till 2.

This well-known southern band leader has played for B. U. and Western dances for the past several years and has always been well received by the local students and townspeople. In addition to the regular dance program, the band will play the fraternity song, "Dreams of Pi Tau Nu," at which time the fraternity's selection of "Pi Tau Nu Fraternity Dream Girl of 1943" will be presented. This part of the program, along with twenty minutes of dance music, will be broadcast over WLBK.

Congratulations to the Pi Tau Nu boys for bringing this outstanding band back to Bowling Green, and best wishes for a successful dance.

—BUWKY—

Indignant Father—Do you think it is fair, Bobby, after I told you there wasn't any Santa Claus, to go and tell the neighbors I laid your Easter eggs, too?

—BUWKY—

Professors tell us that there are only seven basic types of humor; college magazines use but sex.

A true music lover is a man who, upon hearing a soprano in the bathroom, puts his ear to the keyhole.

—BUWKY—

1st Guy: "I gave my girl a wonderful present last night."

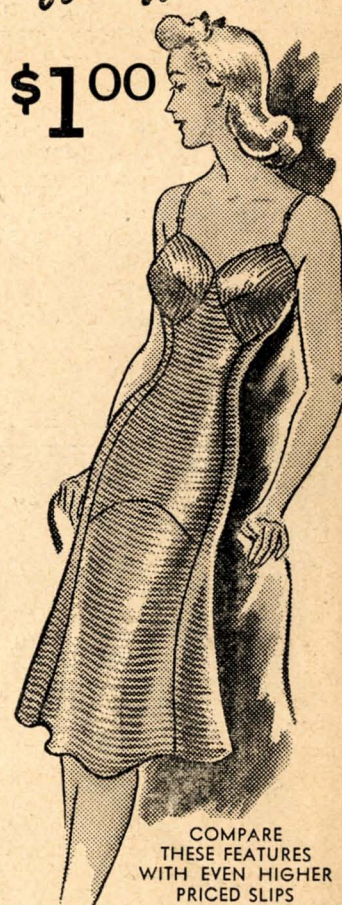
2nd Guy: "I gave mine a wonderful past."

—BUWKY—

"Oh, he's quite flute player. Every time he opens his mouth he puts his flute in it."

*The Most Luxurious
Knit Slip
ever offered at*

\$1.00



COMPARE
THESE FEATURES
WITH EVEN HIGHER
PRICED SLIPS

- Made by LORRAINE of a finest quality Trique Stripe knit rayon fabric with run-stop stitch.

**J. L. DURBIN
DEPARTMENT
STORE**

The car had crashed through the fence, turned turtle, and lay at the foot of the bank, a mass of wreckage. The victims were soon removed to the hospital. A large but solemn crowd gathered around to examine the debris. A state inspector arrived and looked over the situation. In a dramatic voice he said, "Alcohol and gasoline don't mix."

"Did you ever try cider and raisins?" piped a voice from the crowd.

—BUWKY—

Old Lady (meeting a one-legged tramp): "Poor man, you have lost a leg, haven't you?"

Tramp (looking down at his foot): "Well, I'll be darned if I haven't."

—BUWKY—

"Doc: "What you need is an electric bath."

Patient: "Nothing doing, Doctor; I had an uncle that was drowned that way up at Sing Sing."

—BUWKY—

Have you ever had that cooped-up feeling as if you were in a very small cell? Have you ever felt that closed-in, suffocating feeling? Have you ever found yourself talking when there was no one present for you to talk to? Were you worried by this condition? Then, why in hell didn't you get out of the telephone booth?

Student 1: "Understand you're writing a letter home."

Student 2: "Yes, yes!"

Student 1: "Mind making a carbon copy?"

—BUWKY—

The professor rapped on his desk and yelled, "Gentlemen, order!"

The entire class shouted: "Beer!"

—BUWKY—

She: I've been warned against you college boys.

He: You don't have to be afraid of me—I'm an honor student.

It's the girls without principle that interest.

DOLLAR BROS
FINE SHOES - FITTED BY X-RAY

417 Park Row

**FINE SHOES
FITTED BY X-RAY**

The Pi Tau Nu Fraternity

Announces

THEIR ANNUAL WINTER DANCE

Friday, December 4, 1942

**MUSIC BY FRANCIS CRAIG
AND HIS ORCHESTRA**

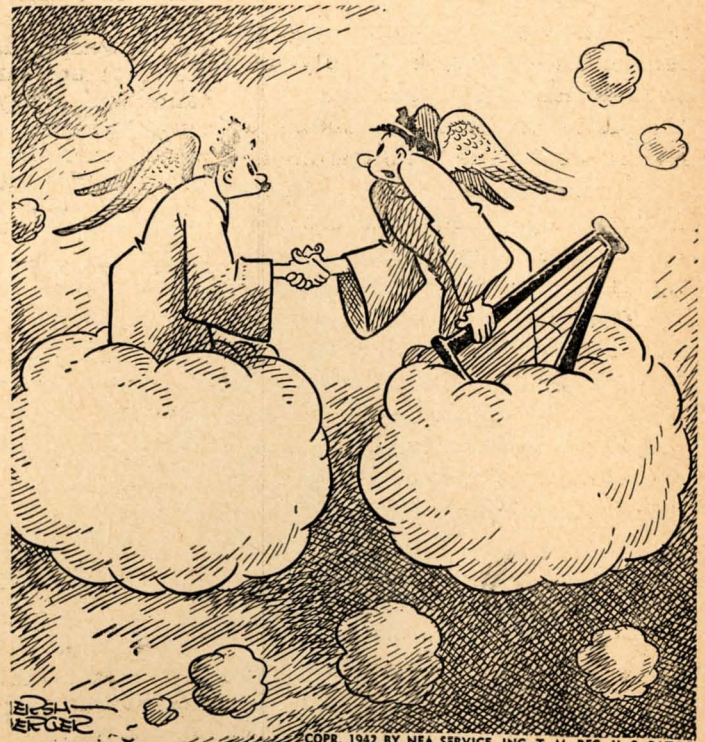
Hours 10 Till 2

Advance \$1.50—At Door \$1.75
Spectators 30c



COPR. 1942 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"It's a mule casualty!"



ERL
BERGER

COPR. 1942 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Shake, brother! I invented a substitute for gasoline, too!"

Military Ball Set For Dec. 9

On Wednesday night, December 9, from 9:30 to 1:30, the Western Officers Club will present the tenth annual Military Ball at the Western gymnasium. This event, which annually rates a red letter on the school social calendar, should be the biggest and best ever held according to present indications, as the various committees in charge are going all out to make a success of what may well be the last big collegiate social affair for many of the boys in the military department.

Going military all the way, the hosts for the occasion have engaged an orchestra composed of service men to present the evening's music. It is the 81st Armored Regiment Orchestra, out of Fort Knox, an organization made up of boys who performed for name bands during their civilian days and which, according to reports, is one of the smoothest cut-fits in this section of the country. This band was chosen after wide consideration of other service and civilian ensembles.

From the standpoint of decorations the gym will be completely and unrecognizably transformed into the patriotic motif fitting the occasion. Although the question of whether or not to decorate was considered, it was decided that notwithstanding the fact that elaborate decorations for most social affairs are not in keeping with war-time restrictions they are a part of the military fanfare necessary for such an event as this and that the Ball this year would not be a success without them.

The main event of the evening will be, as usual, the crowning of the Military Queen. Competing for the honor this year will be eight of Western's most pulchritudinous co-eds, chosen by the members of the military department from the entire student body. The candidates are Jeane Payne, Martha Bates, Almeda Haynes, Marjorie Parker, Claire Bryant, Gloria Thompson, Ann Tichenor and Gloria Harris. One of these is to serve as the queen but her identity is to remain a strict military secret, barring espionage, until the time of her coronation.

The seven candidates not successful in their queenly aspirations will serve as attendants together with three representatives of the Bowling Green Business University, who have not been chosen as the BUWKY goes to press.

Immediately following this part of the program will come the Officers Special, during which dance no one is to be admitted to the floor except members of the Officers Club and their dates. In addition the dance program calls for six other no-breaks.

Admission is by invitation only and bids must be obtained from members of the Officers Club, which is served by the following staff: James E. Gillenwater, president; Wilford L. Gorrell, vice president; Henry Thomas, treasurer; and Shelby Denton, treasurer.



"Sorry I haven't any costume, George, but I rushed right over from the foundry."

Temperance Lecturer: "And in conclusion, my dear fellow citizens, I will give you a practical demonstration of the evils of the Demon Rum. I have two glasses here on the table: one is filled with water and one with whiskey. I will now place an angle worm in the glass of water; see how it lives, squirms, vibrates with the very spark of life. Now I will place a worm in the glass of whiskey; see how it curls up, writhes in agony and then dies. Now young man, what moral do you get from this story?"

"If you don't want worms, drink whiskey."

"I hear you're gonna get married."

"Yea, that's right."

"How come?"

"You guess."

"OK. Her old man got you a job."

"Naw."

"Her old man's got lotsa dough and looks pretty sick."

"Naw. He's health as heck."

"I know. She inherited a lot of dough."

"Nix. Hasn't got a cent."

"Blackmail?"

"Hell, no."

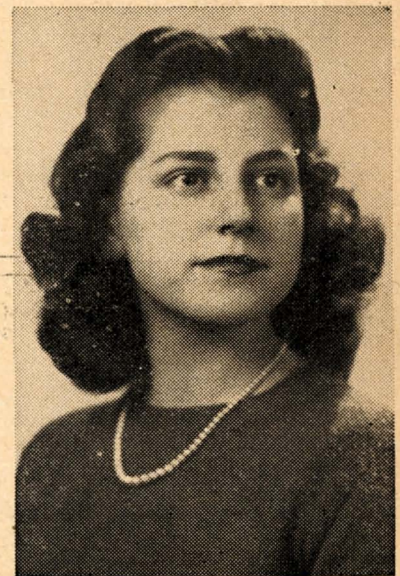
"OK, I give up. Can't think of another reason."

"I love the gal."

"Oh, I knew there was a trick to it."

—BUWKY—

Said the lightning-bug as he backed into the electric fan, "Delighted—no end."



—Photo by Franklin.

Have your Xmas photos
made now and avoid the
last-minute rush.

Franklin's Studio

WESTERN'S NET SEASON WILL OPEN FRIDAY

Coach Ed Diddle's Western basketball team will be inaugurating an impressive 21 game schedule when they open hostilities against West Carolina in a tilt at the Western gym Friday night, December 4. The Hilltoppers' present card, the roughest in history, calls for games with nationally recognized opponents in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Buffalo as well as the usual quota of minor league encounters with teams in this sector.

The highlight of the season will come the night of February 3 when the Toppers play a return engagement with Nat Holman's C. C. N. Y. five in Madison Square Garden. Western managed to drop the City College slickers by a 49-46 score in the National Invitational Tournament in New York last year and probably will run into a team strongly bent on getting even when they tackle the New Yorkers this season. This game will come as a part of a three game swing through the East. Three nights before the Garden tussle the Hilltoppers will be entertained by St. Bonaventure in

Buffalo and on February 6 will show at Convention Hall, Philadelphia as the foes of La Salle College.

DePaul University, perennially one of the strongest teams in the Mid-West, will furnish the opposi-



"I thought the games were played indoors on rainy days!"

tion as the Diddlemen participate in one half of a charity double-header at Chicago Stadium on

MORE ELOQUENT
THAN WORDS



DIAMONDS plead the
Lover's case with irresistible
effect:::

The beautiful sentiment
behind the proffer of an
Engagement Diamond . . .
captures "her" heart more
surely than its brilliance
and beauty delight her eye

A proposal without a fine Dia-
mond Engagement Ring is a Love-
Affair—with the Romance left out!

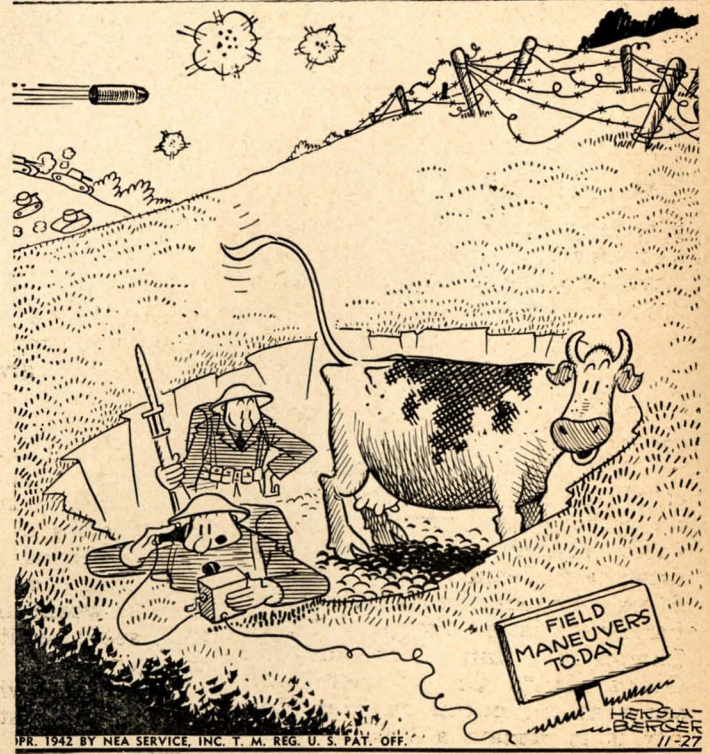
Hartig & Binzel

Jewelers & Opticians

Bowling Green, Ky.



It's the prodigal son bringing home the fatted calf himself—he's taking no chances on meat rationing!"



"Headquarters! Send up about a half-dozen cups of coffee—we've got cream!"

February 13. Another foe with a reputedly strong outfit is the Fort Knox Post team which is carded for a pair of games on a home and home basis.

It looked for a while as if Murray might be left out of this season's activities as the officials of both schools were experiencing schedule difficulties. Two dates were finally decided on, however, and the Thoroughbreds will come to Bowling Green on January 20, while the Toppers journey to the Purchase February 17. Other old faces to be seen on the Western hardwood this year will be those of Eastern, T. P. I., Evansville and Southeast Missouri. Two tilts are scheduled for one day, December 12, when Campbellsville College in an afternoon affair will precede Lindsey-Wilson in a game at night.

To face this tough opposition Coach Diddle has six veterans returning from last year's high caliber outfit together with three sophomores who did not see varsity service last season and several promising freshmen. Conspicuous by their absence are Earl Shelton, Billy Day, and Tip Downing, who finished their fourth stretch last season, and Ray Blevins, the sensation of the New York tourney, who did not return to school for other reasons.

The starting five probably will be made up of three sky-scraping sophomores, expected to hold down the forward and center positions, and two senior guards. Oran McKinney, who made the Metropolitan All Star team at the Garden last year while only a freshman, appears to have the inside track for the pivot position while Charlie Labhart and Don Ray will probably flank him under the basket. Buck Sydnor, veteran All-K. I. A. C. and All-S. I. A. A. performer and Dero Downing, long shot specialist, look like regulars at the guard positions. Capable reserves and possible starters are had in Charlie Ruter, Dee Gibson, Chalmer Embry and Odicea Spears.

Following is the complete schedule for the 1943 squad:

- Dec. 4—West Carolina at Bowling Green.
- Dec. 8—Fort Knox Post team, at Fort Knox.
- Dec. 11—Southeast Missouri at Bowling Green.
- *Dec. 12—Campbellsville College, at Campbellsville.
- Dec. 12—Lindsey-Wilson, at Columbia.
- Jan. 6—Fort Knox Post team, at Bowling Green.
- Jan. 9—Eastern, at Richmond.
- Jan. 13—Lindsey-Wilson, at Bowling Green.
- Jan. 16—T. P. I., at Cookeville, Tenn.
- Jan. 20—Murray, at Bowling Green.

- Jan. 23—Eastern, at Bowling Green.
- Jan. 27—T. P. I., at Bowling Green.
- Jan. 31—St. Bonaventure, at Buffalo, N. Y.
- Feb. 3—City College of New York, Madison Square Garden, New York City.
- Feb. 6—La Salle College, at Convention Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Feb. 11—Campbellsville College, at Bowling Green.
- Feb. 13—De Paul University, at Chicago Stadium, Chicago, Ill.
- Feb. 15—Evansville College, at Evansville, Ind.
- Feb. 17—Murray, at Murray.
- Feb. 18—Godman Field, at Bowling Green.
- Feb. 23—Evansville College, at Bowling Green.

*Afternoon game.

FOR—

**Swell Steaks
Freezer-Fresh
Ice Cream**

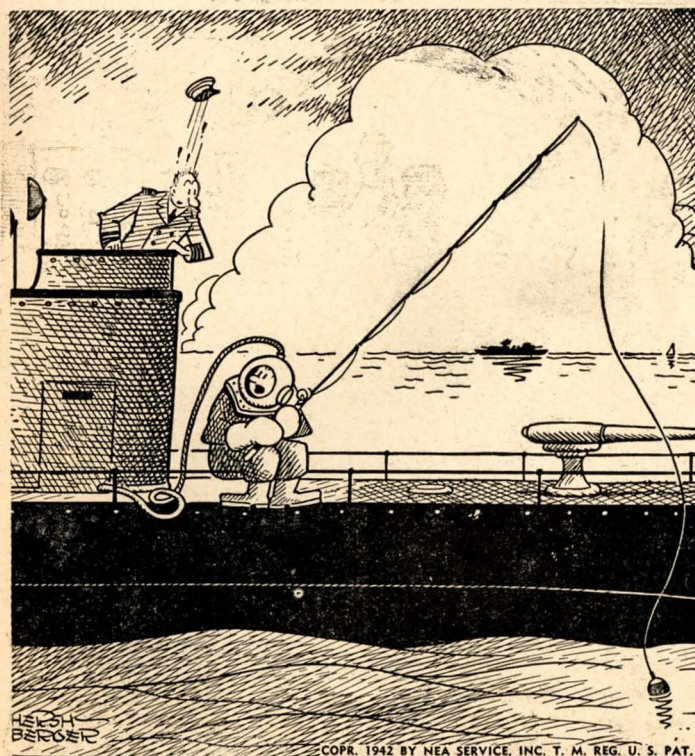
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Toasted Beefburgers

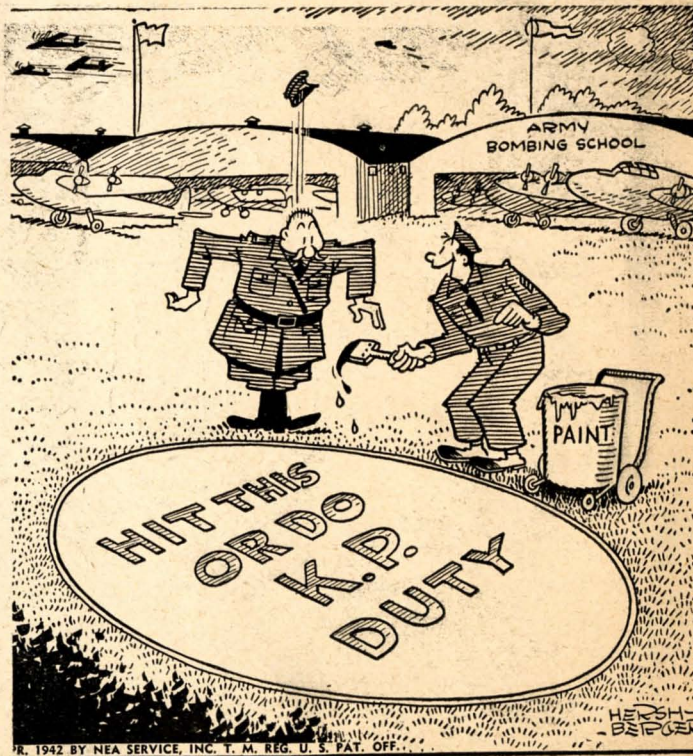
It's the

**University
Inn**

Just Around the
Corner From B. G. B. U.



"Go ahead and submerge—I'm not going to have my off time ruined!"



"It's my own idea—the bombardier students never miss now!"

When Gabriel Blows His Horn

1. Football will surpass basketball as the major sport at Western.
2. There'll be no dancing at the Inn.
3. All clocks and bells in Cherry Hall will be right.
4. Mississippi will send no more students to the B. U.
5. Western faculty members will no longer match for cokes at the Goal Post.
6. We'll have a holiday without the students griping because we don't have more.
7. Hilltopper basketball trophies will be displayed.
8. There'll be no crowd in front of the B. U. at 4:20.
9. There'll be enough dances on the Hill.
10. The view from the stadium will no longer inspire.
11. Western's auditorium will be filled at chapel time.
12. All students will appreciate the Kentucky Building.
13. There'll be no undercover social clubs on the Hill.
14. The line at the book store will be no more.
15. Late dating will have ceased.

16. Teachers will be as punctual in dismissing their classes as they expect their students to be in arriving for said classes.

17. The boys on Western's campus wearing civvies will outnumber those in uniform.

18. No-break schedules at all the dances will be filled without a hitch.

19. Everybody in school will have an automobile with plenty of gasoline.

20. Students of the two institutions will lose their good will and friendship for each other.



"Can you use me in the camouflage department?"

A man who stuttered badly came to the Briarcliff Golf Club one day and told the secretary that he loved golf but was shy about his stuttering and found it lonesome to be on the links without a companion. The secretary said, "I know just the solution—there is a lady who plays here frequently who stutters, too, and I am sure that you would get along fine together." A match was arranged and they met on the green and prepared to play. The man said that he would like to introduce himself first. "My n-n-n-ame is P-p-p-peter," he said smilingly, "but I am not a s-s-s-s-saint!" She smiled in response. "M-m-m-my n-n-n-n-na-name is M-m-m-m-ary," she said, "but I am not a v-v-v-v-v-v v-v-very good player."

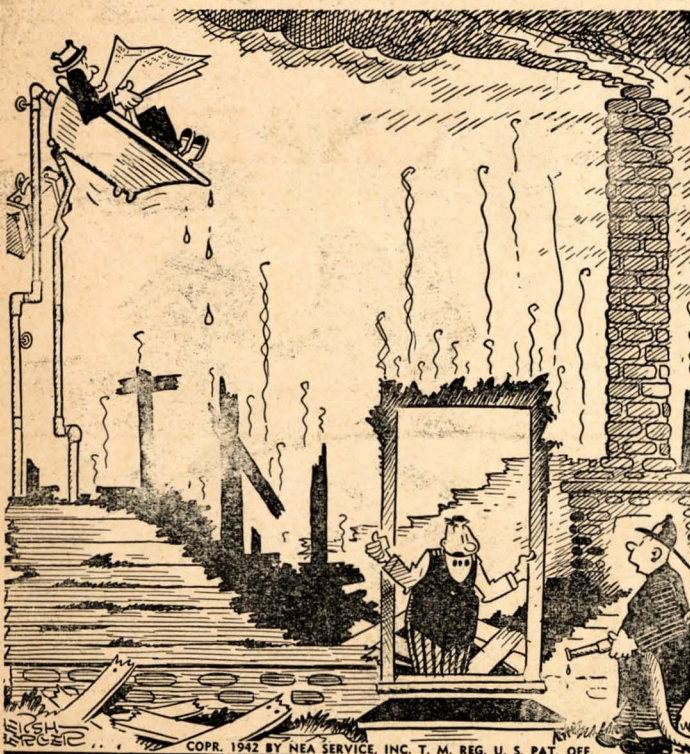
—BUWKY—

Pat and Mike were detailed for scout duty overseas. The commanding officer ordered them to conceal themselves in a cow's hide and pretend to graze over toward the German trenches. Pat was given the front legs and Mike the hind legs.

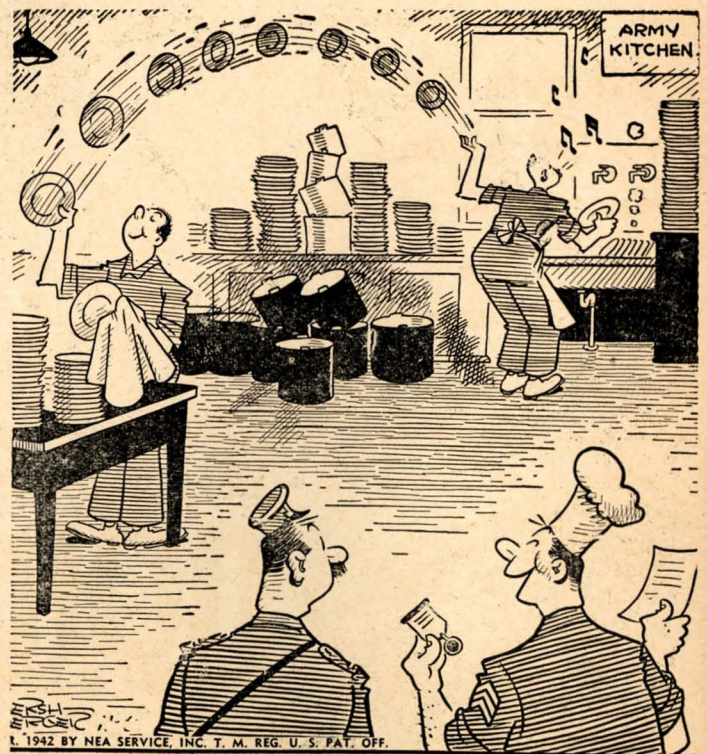
All went well until Pat received a prod from his buddy. "Come on, let's get out of here," hissed Mike.

"What's the matter?" queried Pat.

"Matter?" snorted Mike. "Here comes a German with a milk pail."



"It's our roomer—he had paid a week in advance and he won't leave!"



"A medal for efficiency if they don't miss—and an order for the guard house if they do!"

It Didn't Work

The young man who had been called up explained volubly that in his case there was no need for a medical examination.

"I'm fit and I want to fight. I want to go over on the next boat. I want to go right into the front line, but I want to have a hospital close, so that if I get hit no time will be wasted in taking me where I can get mended right away, so that I can get right back to the line without losing a minute. Pass me in, Doctor. Don't waste any time on me. I want to fight, and keep fighting!"

The doctor, however, insisted, and when he had completed his examination he reported a perfect physical specimen.

"You don't find anything wrong with me?" asked the man.

"Nothing."

"But, Doctor, don't you think I'm a bit crazy?"

—BUWKY—

And then there's the joke about the guy who took his girl to a frat house to dance.

—BUWKY—

"Why is it bad to read poetry on the beach?"

"You start with Browning and end up with Burns!"

—BUWKY—

He—Only a mother could love a face like that.

She—I'm about to inherit a fortune.

He—I'm about to become a mother.—Bored Walk.

On Their Own

Three managers of chicken farms in a totalitarian state were being questioned by an investigator. "What do you feed your chickens?" he asked the first. "Corn," the man replied. Said the officer: "You are under arrest. We use corn to feed people!" The second man overheard this conversation so he thought he'd play safe. "What do you feed your chickens?" he was asked. "Corn husks," was the answer. "You are also under arrest. We use the husks to make cloth. And you?" he said, turning to the third man. "I give my chickens the money and tell them to go and buy their own food."



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Alarming

"Why do you wear such loud socks?"

"Oh, I just hate to have my feet going to sleep in class."

—BUWKY—

If brevity is the soul of wit, then my girl's dress is funny as hell, and I can see through the joke.

"Why did you go to Dr. Frost?"

"Well, Dr. Gile had 10 to 1 on his door, and Dr. Frost had 3 to 5, so I took the best odds I could get."

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